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The Castle of Otranto.



By the Genius of Romance, and the Spirit of Horace Walpole, here is the veritable Castle of Otranto; so that the "Gothic story" of the "Noble Author" is not altogether a castle-building affair.

Otranto, it appears, is situate at the southern extremity of the kingdom of Naples. Thither Mr. H. W. Williams journeyed from the city just mentioned, a distance of 255 miles, in six days; and our traveller being an excellent artist, brought home a portfolio of drawings, many of which were engraved in his "Travels" published in 1820, whence our print is copied.

The journey from Naples to Otranto is through a country not frequently visited by Englishmen; neither should it be, for Mr. Williams, intending to embark at Otranto for Corfu, says—"We left Naples on the night of the 15th-16th of February, having sent our baggage in a ship of war returning from Naples to Corfu, so that we retained little to excite the cupidity of the banditti we were assured we should meet with before we reached Otranto." This, it must be owned, was no temptation for a traveller; and his recollections of

the castle would enable him to sup on horrors at the end of each day's journey. The first day is described through defiles of the Appennines, "full of the grandest scenes, romantic villages, and castellated mountain-tops. The hills were covered with brushwood, and the valleys with vines; yet the people are wretched, and, though not perhaps naturally vicious, are driven to the highway by extreme want. Our heavy lumbering diligence was always escorted by a couple of gens d'armes."

About twenty-five towns are included in the route; and at a Greek village, towards the close of the journey, Mr. Williams says—"For 1s. 4d. we had as much bread, cheese, and excellent red wine, as *seven people* required." He describes the country towards Otranto as desolate and bare, extensive downs covered with thyme, with occasionally the dwarf holly, the *rosa marina*, and lavender, stretch around like wild moorlands. Nothing is seen of Otranto till we drop down upon it unexpectedly. "It is a poor looking town, situate on an elevated projected point, between two

* Williams's Travels, vol. ii.

small bays, and is walled and mounted with cannon." The bread, cheese, and wine on the road might be good and cheap enough, but hear what follows: "Finding, on our arrival, that there was no inn, we sent to the British Vice-consul, who lodged us in the house of an Italian Marquess. We laid down our beds, which we borrowed, in a large, damp, and comfortless apartment, without furniture of any sort, and in another squatted ourselves upon a pan of charcoal. During the night we were disturbed, and most of us kept sleepless, by the swarms of musquitos and fleas, the room having, probably, not been visited by a broom during the time of the present generation of the noble proprietors of the palace."—What would Dr. Kitchiner have said to such a state of things!

Mr. Williams describes the celebrated Castle of Otranto as "an imposing object of considerable size. It owes all its reputation in England to the interesting romance of that name." This attractive fiction first appeared in the year 1765, and its great success led to the prolific school of the Radcliffe romance, and a vast variety of similar invention. Horace Walpole, a man of exquisite taste in the fine arts, and above all a passionate admirer of Gothic architecture (of which his villa at Strawberry Hill is a proof), has not only taken the title of this romance from the Castle of Otranto, but has retained, with characteristic accuracy, the several portions of the building.

Mr. Williams made "drawings of the castle from every point of view, not omitting the courtyard, where the gigantic helmet appeared. The gateway is particularly splendid, and has a dignified and chivalric air, as has indeed the whole building. Some palm trees, which are opposed to the aged and crumbling walls, had a fine effect, and heightened the sentiment inspired by the romance and the building itself." Our readers will, we are persuaded, participate in this interest; and those few who have not read the romance may purchase that gratification at a much cheaper rate than could be done in Walpole's time.*

Otranto, according to Mr. Williams, though a miserable place to live in, affords some excellent subjects for the pencil, "such as Gertin would have painted upon the spot, or Blore would delineate with scrupulous accuracy.—The principal church, with its round Gothic window, and some houses near

it, with their brackets, balustrades, and rich friezes, are most attractive objects. In the crypt below, which is very ancient, are two curious marble columns, said to have been brought from the Holy Land; the shafts are richly covered, and have inscriptions from the Sacred Writings."

Otranto, therefore, possessed no common attractions for a man so eminently gifted with correct taste as was Horace Walpole. A fitter scene for his romance he probably could not have chosen; and the fact of his adhering to the very plan of the castle invests his highly-wrought fiction with an extra charm.

The harbour of Otranto is very much frequented, on account of its advantageous situation for the Levant trade.

This country, it may be interesting to know, was the first place which Pythagoras enlightened, by the philosophical principles and arts he taught.

MAXIMS, &c. RELATING TO HEALTH.

(For the Mirror.)

It is observed by Dr. Hufeland, that "the more a man follows nature, and is obedient to her laws, the longer he will live; the farther he deviates from these, the shorter will be his existence."

Dr. Wainewright says, "a man in perfect health ought always to rise from the table with some appetite," and that "if either the body, or mind, be less fit for action after eating than before, that is, if the man be less fit either for labour or study, he hath exceeded in the quantity."

Dr. Arbuthnot asserts, that "all the intentions pursued by medicines may be obtained and enforced by diet." And Dr. Buchan says, that "there is no doubt but the whole constitution of body may be changed by diet."

"It may be laid down (says Dr. Hufeland) as a fundamental principle, that the more compounded any kind of food is, the more difficult it will be of digestion; and what is still worse, the more corrupt will be the juices which are prepared from it."

It is observed by an ingenious writer, that "they who least consult their appetite, who least give way to its wantonness, or voraciousness, attain generally, to years far exceeding theirs, who deny themselves nothing they can relish, and conveniently procure." And it has been remarked, in favour of temperance, that "misers, who eat and drink but little, always live long."

* Our Publisher has "The Castle of Otranto" in his "British Novelist," at Sixpence!

Cheyne observes, that "water is the most natural and wholesome of all drinks, quickens the appetite, and strengthens the digestion most."

Volney says, "Cleanliness has a powerful influence on the health and preservation of the body. Cleanliness, as well in our garments as in our dwellings, prevents the pernicious effects of dampness, of bad smells, and of contagious vapours arising from substances abandoned to putrify; cleanliness keeps up a free perspiration, renews the air, refreshes the blood, and even animates and enlivens the mind. Whence we see that persons attentive to the cleanliness of their persons and their habitations, are in general more healthy, and less exposed to diseases than those who live in filth and nastiness; and it may more-over be remarked, that cleanliness brings with it, throughout every part of domestic discipline, habits of order and arrangement, which are among the first and best methods and elements of happiness."

The ancients personified and even deified health. Salus was the goddess of health and safety, to whom there were erected several temples dedicated at Rome.

The following proverbs relate to health:—

"The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman."

"Go to bed with the lamb, and rise with the lark."

"A bit in the morning is better than nothing all day."

"Change your clothes in May, and you will repent many a day."

"One hour's sleep before midnight is worth two hours after."

"Feed sparingly and defy the physician."

"Every man is either a fool or a physician after thirty years of age."

P. T. W.

CRESTS.

(For the Mirror.)

"The horn—
It was a crest ere thou wast born,
Thy father's father wore it."

As You Like It.

THE ancient warriors wore crests to strike terror among their enemies, at the sight of the spoils of animals they had killed, or to give them the more formidable mien by making them appear taller. In the ancient tournaments, the cavaliers had plumes of feathers, especially those of ostriches and herons for their crests; these tufts, which they cal-

led *phumarts*, were placed in tubes on the tops of high caps or bonnets. Some had their crests of leather, others of parchment, pasteboard, &c. painted or varnished to become weather-proof; others of steel, wood, &c., on which was sometimes represented a member or ordinary of the coat; as an eagle, fleur de lis, &c. but never any of those called honourable ordinaries, as pale, fesse, &c. The crests were to be changed at pleasure, being reputed no other than as arbitrary devices or ornaments. Herodotus attributes the rise of crests to the Carians, who first bore feathers on their casques, and printed figures on their bucklers, whence the Persians denominated them cocks. The Etruscans were also famous for their crests, and modern artists have given similar additions to the helmets of the three Horatii. Antique helmets were sometimes divided from the base, spreading like two horns, while the interval was filled with the flowing mane of a horse, and a plume arose on each side.

Of what esteem crests were in temp: Edward the Third's reign, may appear from his having given an eagle, which he himself had formerly borne for a crest, to William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury.

We hear also of golden crests which knights put on when they sought to endear themselves in the eyes of their "*Ladies faire*."

Crests of renowned men were at their death, frequently, with other parts of their armour, hung over the altars of the church, or used as a decoration to their monuments:

"O'er my altars bath he hung his lance,
His battered shield, his uncontrolled crest."

Shakspeare.
W. H. H.

The Sketch-Book.

VISIT TO WATERLOO.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

NOTICING in one of your recent numbers, an interesting sketch and account of the state of the Chateau of Hougoumont, at Waterloo, I am induced to offer you a few observations made by myself during a short stay at Brussels, in the month of July, 1828, when I twice visited the field of battle.

My first visit to Waterloo was on the 27th of July, 1828, in company with three ladies and two gentlemen. We engaged a carriage at Brussels to convey us there and back. The morning promised a fine day, but on our journey

through the Forest of Sôignèe we had occasional heavy showers. We had, however, sufficient opportunities of noticing the fine timber of the forest; all of it being as straight as poplar, and in appearance at least from 80 to 100 feet in height. Emerging from the forest, we suddenly came upon the little village of Waterloo, where we were assailed by a number of peasants offering their services as guides over the field of battle, one of whom we engaged for five francs. I should, however, inform you, that Waterloo is at least two miles from the spot where the battle was fought; previous to our arrival at which, we came to a second village called Mont Saint Jean; here we left our carriage and proceeded on foot about half a mile to the plain.

The road from Mont St. Jean crosses the spot which was occupied by the two armies, and on entering the ground to the right, which is rather hilly, we came in sight of a neat and plain monument, raised to the memory of Col. Alexander Gordon, on which spot, it is said, he fell, whilst receiving the commands of the Duke of Wellington. We proceeded to the right and came in view of a large conical mound of earth upwards of 100 feet in height, raised since the battle, to commemorate the spot on which the Prince of Orange was wounded. On the top of this mound (which commands an extensive view over the whole field,) is a stone pedestal, on which is placed a colossal lion: the whole of this is conspicuous at a great distance; but in my opinion it takes off much of the original appearance of the ground, as it has been raised from the earth in its immediate vicinity. Proceeding still onwards to the right, over corn fields, we descended from the high ground to a valley; at the extremity of this valley, where the right of the British lines were placed, stands the Chateau of Hougomont, or rather the remains of it, which having been well described by one of your correspondents, I need hardly notice here; I must, however, observe, that approaching it from the eastward, we came to a high hedge surrounding an orchard, in which, it is said, some thousands of brave men in its defence, met an untimely but glorious death. On entering this orchard, which is very extensive, we were much struck with the still fresh appearance of the wounds caused on the apple trees, from cannon balls or bullets. Many of the trees were partly broken down and were still bearing fruit; in the left part of the orchard near the hedge, we were shown

a mound of earth (on which were growing rank stinging nettles) extending perhaps 100 feet in length by 12 in width, and raised about a foot above the level of the other ground, under which, we were informed, most of the bodies of those slain there, were buried; and our guide, to satisfy the curiosity of myself and one of my female companions, with a short stick which he cut from the hedge, removed about six inches of the earth, and exposed the ribs and skull of one of the sufferers to view. Human bones were still lying about in all directions in the orchard, and indeed all over the plain. We passed on westward to what had once been the pleasure garden and shrubbery belonging to the chateau, the walls around which had been perforated for the purpose of enabling the occupiers, at the time of the battle, to defend the place. The roots of shrubs and serpentine walks were still discernible through the uneven appearance of the grass.

The chateau is in ruins, as described by your correspondent, but I may be permitted to notice, that there is still a house adjoining the ruins, which has evidently been repaired, and which is occupied. The great gates entering the yard, on the south side, are still standing, and appear to have been perforated by at least 150 shots of different descriptions; in other respects we were told the ruins remained just as they were the day after the battle. We returned over that part of the corn fields which had been occupied by the French during the battle. The corn was in many places cut, and the land ploughed again; in other parts where it was standing, we observed it to have patches as green as grass, and were told it was where they had buried the dead, after the battle. Some of our party picked up leaden bullets, gun-flints, buttons, &c.

From the cloggy state of the ground caused by the rain during the morning, my companions were much fatigued with their walk, but highly gratified with what they had seen.

E. J. B.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES; OR, VALENCIENNES IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

The city of Valenciennes anciently possessed the right of granting sanctuary to the stranger who fled from justice upon the committal of homicide. After the

observance of some trifling formality, the fugitive was permitted his full liberty; but if any one came forward openly to accuse him of the deed, and to charge him with having perpetrated it through malice or treachery, he was then compelled to meet the accuser in single combat, and, armed with buckler and staff, to fight till death ensued. This custom, of which the origin is unknown, was regarded by the inhabitants of Valenciennes as one of their proudest privileges, and became, in 1455, the occasion of a contest so extraordinary, and so illustrative of the barbarous manners of the period, as to be well worth transferring to our columns. In our account of it we shall follow Matthieu de Cousy, a contemporaneous writer; and we shall also avail ourselves of the assistance of Pierre d'Oultreman and Simon Leboucq, the historians of Valenciennes. Mahuot Cocquet having murdered Philippe du Gardin, at Tournai, for having refused him his daughter in marriage, fled to Valenciennes, and demanded the privilege of sanctuary. He resided there for some time peaceably, until a certain Jacotin Plouvier, a relative of the murdered man, made his appearance, and thus publicly addressed him: "Traitor, you have treacherously and wickedly slain and murdered my kinsman; beware of me; it will not be long before I avenge his death." Cocquet, on this, went and preferred a complaint to the magistrates, who summoned Jacotin before them, and acquainted him that the words he had uttered were an infringement of the city's franchise. "Gentlemen," said he to the mayor and jurats, "I hold and maintain, that Mahuot Cocquet has falsely and traitorously murdered my kinsman, lying in wait for him with malice prepened, and without reasonable cause."

The mayor replied, "Be careful what you say; for unless you prove, hand to hand, against the said Mahuot, what you have just spoken, we shall without fail, for the maintenance of our city's liberties and franchise, cause justice to be executed upon you, as an example to all others."

Mahuot Cocquet was then called into their presence; and when Jacotin beheld him, he threw down his gage. The two adversaries were conveyed to separate prisons, and a Breton was appointed to each, to instruct him in the laws of battle. The preparations for this duel came to the knowledge of Philippe-Bon, duc de Bourgogne, who, previously to sanctioning it, sought to be acquainted by what authority the city of

Valenciennes arrogated to itself so strange a privilege. The Comte de Charolais, his son, wrote to the magistrates to postpone its taking place until his father and himself could be present. At length, after much delay, and many adjournments, the combat was fixed for the 20th of May, 1455. The duke, accompanied by his son and a numerous train of nobility, were present. A triple ring was enclosed in the market-place. The centre, where the contest was to take place, was covered with a thick layer of sand. The second ring was appropriated for the mayor, jurats, municipality, and persons of high distinction. The third was destined for knights, esquires, burgesses, and others, to the number of three hundred. The halberdiers of the city were ranged along the barricades which protected the Hôtel de Ville. A passage was also contrived, that the combatants might enter the lists without being exposed to the observation or gaze of the multitude. The Duc de Bourgogne, who was lodged with Melchior du Gardin, the mayor of the city, would not quit the house to view the combat; he confined himself to beholding it from the windows of his apartment, which looked upon the scene. At nine o'clock in the morning the champions entered the lists. Their heads had been previously shaved, and their garments consisted of short leather doublets, fitted close to the body. Jacotin Plouvier, the challenger, entered first, attended by his Breton, and another man carrying his buckler in a bag. On entering the enclosure he several times made the sign of the cross, and sat down upon the seat prepared for him, covered with black cloth. Mahuot Cocquet followed, with the same equipment. On his entering he threw himself upon his knees, making the sign of the cross, kissed the ground, and did the same at all the four corners; after which, he placed himself on a similar seat to that prepared for Jacotin. The two champions received each his buckler, made of willow wood, and covered with sheepskin: they were both blazoned alike—argent, with a cross gules. The staffs were made of wood from the medlar tree, three feet long, and pointed at each end. When the combatants were thus prepared, the magistrate, who had remained in the second enclosure, entered the lists to administer the usual oaths to them. Jacotin received the sacred volume, kissed it, and, placing his hand upon it, swore that his cause was just. Mahuot went through the same ceremony, adding, that Jacotin was a false

and villanous har; but, wishing to kiss the book a second time, he was observed to change colour and become extremely pale. Their bodies were then anointed from head to foot with grease and oil, to prevent their laying hold of each other. After this was finished, they brought them food in silver dishes; and before they ate, the aliments were closely examined and tasted in their presence, to satisfy them that neither drug nor poison had been introduced. Then the mayor, Melchior du Gardin, standing at the barrier of the lists threw down Jacotin's glove, and cried three times, with a loud voice, "Faites votre devoir." At this signal the combatants encountered each other. Mahuot commenced by throwing a handful of sand in his adversary's eyes; and, striking him at the same moment with his staff, inflicted a severe wound on his head. Jacotin, nothing daunted, rushed in his turn upon Mahuot, tore his buckler from him, and threw him upon the ground. Mahuot rises, and is thrown a second time. Jacotin then went tooth and nail to work upon his prey; he began by throwing the sand in his eyes, biting his ears, and beating him in the face with his fists. Philippe-le-Bon, who witnessed this barbarous scene through the blinds of a window, and heard the lamentable cries of Mahuot Cocquet, was moved to compassion. He sent one of his officers to ask if it was not possible to extend mercy, and spare the unfortunate man's life. The magistrate was inflexible; he alleged the privileges and customs of the city; and nothing more could be said. Jacotin still continued to torture his victim. After tearing his flesh with his teeth and nails, he observed that his yells for mercy began to excite the pity of the crowd; he therefore thrust handfuls of sand into his mouth, and turned his face to the ground; which he was only able to effect at the expense of a finger, which Mahuot bit off with his teeth. Jacotin's rage was excited anew by this mutilation; with his feet joined, he jumped upon his adversary, fracturing his arm and the spine of his back, and crying out aloud, "Yield then, traitor, murderer, and confess thy guilt; acknowledge you murdered my kinsman." To which, at length, Mahuot answered, "I confess it." "Speak louder," cried Jacotin, "that all may hear you." "I am guilty, I am guilty," said Mahuot; and turning towards the house which the duke inhabited, "Oh! my lord of Burgundy, I served you faithfully in the Ghent war!—Oh! my lord, I beseech,

I pray for mercy, for the love of God, spare—save my life."

The duke's heart was touched; he sent once more to beg the magistrate to accord him the man's life, or at least to permit him to be interred in holy ground. He obtained no part of his request; it was necessary, said the man in authority, that the law be fulfilled to its very letter.

Jacotin at last finished his adversary, by four blows on the head with his staff; then laying hold of him by the feet, he dragged his body outside of the lists. He was supposed to be dead; but after some moments, he recovered sufficiently to be confessed by a Carmelite friar, and, says Simon Leboucq, to pronounce clearly and intelligibly his Christian belief. He then drank a glass or two of wine, forgave Jacotin Plouvier his death, and expired. During this time the magistrate had proceeded to the hall of judgment, where he passed sentence against the vanquished, condemning him to be hung and strangled as a murderer. This was immediately proclaimed and executed by the common hangman, who drew the body of Mahuot Cocquet on a hurdle to the place of execution. Jacotin Plouvier appeared before the magistrate, and demanded if he had performed his duty. The mayor replied in the affirmative, and that he might go where he pleased, without fear of being called to account for the deed. On quitting the Hôtel de Ville, he met Matthew Carlton, his Breton, who, after embracing him, conducted him to the church of Notre Dame la Grande, where they made a considerable offering. After performing his religious duties, Jacotin returned to the Hôtel de Ville, where he stripped himself of his fighting gear, and resumed his ordinary apparel. Messire Sans de Lalain entertained him in his hotel for some days afterwards. The bucklers, staffs, and seats of the champions were deposited in the chapel of the mansion-house, and subsequently they were suspended behind the magistrates' chair in the trial court. They were afterwards removed to the place where the suspected were put to the question, and where Simon Leboucq mentions having himself seen them. The Duc de Bourgogne, who could not reconcile to himself his having permitted the exercise of this barbarous privilege, resolved from that moment to effect its abolition; and, in fact, nothing of a similar nature was ever again heard of in his states.

Foreign Literary Gazette.

ALL HALLOW E'EN IN WALES.

(For the Mirror.)

It is customary in some parts of Wales, on "All Hallow E'en," or as it is styled by the sons of Gomer, "Nos galan gniif," for the superstitious country people to go to a certain window of the church, for the purpose, as it is said, of hearing a "rara avis," yclept a ghost (with gravity be it spoken) pronounce sentence of death on all those who are doomed to go to their long homes during the year; and in some village churches, I am told that there are steps still extant, which are said to have been built purposely for the credulous to go up to the window to listen. The less credulous commemorate this eve by apple biting, nut cracking, (as the English do on St. Clement,) and burning nuts, to ascertain who shall die that year; but the *chef d'œuvre* is, they have a vessel styled the *puzzling jug*. From the brim, extending about an inch from the surface, it has holes fantastically made, so as to appear like ornamental work, and which is not perceived but with much scrutiny. Three round nobs of the size of marbles are around the brim, having a hole about the size of a small pea in each; the nobs communicate to the bottom of the jug, through the handle, which is hollow, and has a small hole at the top, which with two of the other holes, being stopped by the fingers, and the mouth applied to the one nearest the handle, enables you to draw, or suck the contents with ease; but this trick is not known by every fool, and consequently, a stranger generally applies his mouth to the wrong place, and the contents of the jug are received in his neck or waistcoat, to the no small "diversion" of the spectators.

W. H.

Notes of a Reader.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Few things, in an ordinary life, can come up to the interest which every reader of sensibility must take in the author of *Robinson Crusoe*. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy;" and it cannot be denied, that the first perusal of that work makes a part of the illusion:—the roar of the waters is in our ears—we start at the print of the foot in the sand, and hear the parrot repeat the well-known sounds of "Poor Robinson Crusoe! Who are you? Where do you come from; and where are you going?"—till the tears gush, and in re-

collection and feeling we become children again! One cannot understand how the author of this world of abstraction should have had any thing to do with the ordinary cares and business of life; or it almost seems that he should have been fed, like Elijah, by the ravens. What boots it then to know that he was a hofefactor, and the owner of a tile-kiln in Essex—that he stood in the pillory, was over head and ears in debt, and engaged in eternal literary and political squabbles? It is, however, well to be assured that he was a man of worth as well as genius; and that, though unfortunate, and having to contend all his life with vexations and disappointments, with vulgar clamour and the hand of power, yet he did nothing to leave a blot upon his name, or to make the world ashamed of the interest they must always feel for him.—*Edinburgh Rev.*

LACONICS.

By the late Sir Humphry Davy.

[We have read the last work of this great and good man with melancholy pleasure—regretting that so illustrious a mind should not have been longer spared to enlighten mankind with its ingenuity, yet rejoicing at the bright consolations that shone around its last days; and must have invested it with still brighter hopes. That such were the feelings of the author of "*Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher*," every page will furnish abundant evidence. We transfer a few of its valuable truths to our columns.]

Change.

The world, like the individual, flourishes in youth, rises to strength in manhood, falls into decay in age; and the ruins of an empire are like the decrepit frame of an individual, except that they have some tints of beauty which nature bestows upon them. The sun of civilization arose in the East, advanced towards the West, and is now at its meridian;—in a few centuries more it will probably be seen sinking below the horizon even in the new world, and there will be left darkness only where there is a bright light, deserts of sand where there were populous cities, and stagnant morasses where the green meadow or the bright corn-field once appeared.

Practical Science.

The practical results of the progress of physics, chemistry, and mechanics, are of the most marvellous kind, and to make them all distinct would require a comparison of ancient and modern

states: ships that were moved by human labour in the ancient world are transported by the winds; and a piece of steel, touched by the magnet, points to the mariner his unerring course from the old to the new world; and by the exertions of one man of genius, aided by the resources of chemistry, a power which, by the old philosophers could hardly have been imagined, has been generated and applied to almost all the machinery of active life; the steam-engine performs not only the labour of horses, but of man, by combinations which appear almost possessed of intelligence; wagons are moved by it, constructions made, vessels caused to perform voyages in opposition to wind and tide, and a power placed in human hands which seems almost unlimited. To these novel and still extending improvements may be added others, which, though of a secondary kind, yet materially affect the comforts of life, the collecting from fossil materials the elements of combustion, and applying them so as to illuminate, by a single operation, houses, streets, and even cities. If you look to the results of chemical arts, you will find new substances of the most extraordinary nature applied to various novel purposes; you will find a few experiments in electricity leading to the marvellous result of disarming the thunder-cloud of its terrors, and you will see new instruments created by human ingenuity, possessing the same powers as the electrical organs of living animals. To whatever part of the vision of modern times you cast your eyes you will find marks of superiority and improvement, and I wish to impress upon you the conviction, that the results of intellectual labour, or of scientific genius, are permanent and incapable of being lost. Monarchs change their plans, governments their objects, a fleet or an army effect their purpose and then pass away; but a piece of steel touched by the magnet, preserves its character for ever, and secures to man the dominion of the trackless ocean. A new period of society may send armies from the shores of the Baltic to those of the Euxine, and the empire of the followers of Mahomet may be broken in pieces by a northern people, and the dominion of the Britons in Asia may share the fate of that of Tamerlane or Zengiskhan; but the steam boat which ascends the Delaware or the St. Laurence will be continued to be used, and will carry the civilization of an improved people into the deserts of North America and into the wilds of Canada.

Posthumous Fame.

The works of the most illustrious names were little valued at the times when they were produced, and their authors either despised or neglected; and great, indeed, must have been the pure and abstract pleasure resulting from the exertion of intellectual superiority and the discovery of truth and the bestowing benefits and blessings upon society, which induced men to sacrifice all their common enjoyments and all their privileges as citizens, to these exertions. Anaxagoras, Archimedes, Roger Bacon, Galileo Galilei, in their deaths or their imprisonments, offer instances of this kind, and nothing can be more striking than what appears to have been the ingratitude of men towards their greatest benefactors.

Real Improvement.

In the progress of society, all great and real improvements are perpetuated; the same corn which, four thousand years ago, was raised from an improved grass by an inventor worshipped for two thousand years in the ancient world under the name of Ceres, still forms the principal food of mankind; and the potato, perhaps the greatest benefit that the old has derived from the new world, is spreading over Europe, and will continue to nourish an extensive population when the name of the race by whom it was first cultivated in South America is forgotten.

Unerring Wisdom.

There appears nothing more accidental than the sex of an infant, yet take any great city or any province, and you will find that the relations of males and females are unalterable. Again, a part of the pure air of the atmosphere is continually consumed in combustion and respiration; living vegetables emit this principle during their growth; nothing appears more accidental than the proportion of vegetable to animal life on the surface of the earth, yet they are perfectly equivalent, and the balance of the sexes, like the constitution of the atmosphere, depends upon the principles of an unerring intelligence.

Human Vanity.

When man measures the works of the divine mind by his own feeble combinations, he must wander in gross error; the infinite can never be understood by the finite.

Knowledge and Immortality

The tree of knowledge is grafted upon the tree of life and that fruit which

brought the fear of death into the world budding on an immortal stock becomes the fruit of the promise of immortality.

Revelation.

We are sure from geological facts as well as from sacred history that man is a recent animal on the globe, and that this globe has undergone one considerable revolution, since the creation, by water; and we are taught that it is to undergo another, by fire, preparatory to a new and glorified state of existence of man; but this is all we are permitted to know, and as this state is to be entirely different from the present one of misery and probation, any knowledge respecting it would be useless and indeed almost impossible.

MURDER OF DAVID RIZZIO.

WHEN it was settled that Rizzio should die, the manner of his murder was next debated. Morton, Ruthven, and others of their party, proposed that the secretary should be seized as he crossed the court of the palace, or in his own lodgings, and then destined to the fate which Cochrane underwent, when the chief of the Douglas family acquired the title of Bell-the-Cat. But nothing would satisfy Darnley, save that the victim should be seized in the presence of the queen herself, that she might share the alarm, and hear the taunts with which it was his purpose to upbraid her favourite. Considering that the queen was seven months advanced in her pregnancy when such a scene of violence and horror was to be acted in her presence, we recoil from the brutality alike of him who planned and of those who calmly undertook to execute an action so brutal and unmanly.

On the 9th of March, 1566, this bloody and extraordinary scene was acted. The queen was seated at supper in a small cabinet adjoining to her bedroom, with the Countess of Argyle, Rizzio, and one or two other persons. Darnley suddenly entered the apartment, and, without addressing or saluting the company, gazed on Rizzio with a sullen and vindictive look. After him followed Lord Ruthven, pale and ghastly, having risen from a bed of long sickness to be chief actor in this savage deed: other armed men appeared behind. Ruthven called upon Rizzio to come forth from a place which he was unworthy to hold. The miserable Italian, perceiving he was the destined victim of this violent intrusion, started up, and seizing the queen by the skirts of her

gown, implored her protection. Mary was speedily forced by the king from his hold. George Douglas, a bastard of the Angus family, snatched the king's own dagger from his side, and struck Rizzio a blow; he was then dragged into the outer apartment, and slain with fifty-six wounds. The queen exhausted herself in prayers and entreaties for the wretched man's life; but when she was at length informed that her servant was slain, she said, "I will then dry my tears and study revenge." During the perpetration of this murder, Morton, the chancellor of the kingdom, whose duty it was to enforce the laws of the realm, kept the doors of the palace with one hundred and sixty armed men, to insure the perpetration of the murder.—*Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland*; vol. II.

EVIDENCE AGAINST MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THE documents contained in the silver box are the only direct testimony tending to involve Mary in Darnley's murder; and setting these aside for the present, there remains little which can directly implicate the queen.

At a later period, indeed, Morton, an unprincipled and fierce man, who, according to his own account on the scaffold, was privy to the whole bloody scene, says, that being invited to join Bothwell and Lethington in a scheme against Darnley's life, he refused to engage in the plot unless Bothwell would obtain an injunction upon him to that effect from the queen herself. But he proceeds to declare that Bothwell never was able to produce such a warrant. Here, therefore, the chain of direct evidence is broken, and the positive proof of Mary's guilt is not to be found. Laying Morton's direct oral testimony aside as being inconclusive, we come next to the celebrated casket and papers.

These letters and writings produced would indeed prove a great deal more than enough for conviction if they stood unimpeached as authentic documents. But great and serious suspicions attach to their authenticity. The internal evidence is unfavourable, according to our ideas, of the style of a sovereign expressing her attachment. They are described with suspicious variations, sometimes as being written by the queen's own hand, sometimes as being only subscribed by her. Above all, though their authenticity was challenged, and though the regent and his associates had in their power the persons

through whose hands they were said to have passed, yet no care whatever was taken, by examination of any of these persons, to ascertain or corroborate the faith of documents so important to the cause of the accusers. The obvious and legal inference is, that where that is not proved which ought to have been verified, it must have been for want of the means of probation. — *Ibid.*

MUSICAL IMITATION.

It is highly injudicious to applaud the puerile attempts at musical imitation, which are sometimes really to be found in the works of great masters, and still worse to find them where they do not exist. Such imitations were in very common use in the older and more gothic periods of art; but the same progress of taste which has banished puns, quibbles, and conceits, from poetry, has nearly banished similar devices from music. Handel occasionally offends in this way—as when he expresses men falling on their faces by the instruments suddenly falling from a high note to a very low one—when, in a song, the words “depth of pain and height of passion” are expressed, as often as they occur, by a *low* note to the word *depth*, and a *high* one to *height*—when, in Israel in Egypt, he represents the leaping of frogs by a sort of leaping motion of the notes, &c. The principles which ought to regulate musical imitation and description are now seldom departed from. Music, being sound, cannot *directly* imitate any thing but sound. Thus, the song of birds, the murmur of a rivulet, the roar of a torrent, the howling of a storm, the sound of thunder, of bells, &c. may produce pleasing effects, particularly if the imitations are produced by the orchestra. If given to the voice, they have the disagreeable appearance of mimicry. The cries of the nobler and more formidable animals, such as the roaring of the lion, may be admitted, though very sparingly, even into serious music; but, except in music expressly meant to be ludicrous, imitations of the ordinary sounds of animals are in bad taste. In the Creation, Hadyn, in the accompaniment to the recitatives which describe the creation of animals, imitates the snorting as well as the prancing of the horse—a conceit which is sadly out of place in so majestic a composition. There is, besides, a kind of *indirect* imitation, by which musical sounds are made to convey ideas of objects of the other senses. This is done by sounds which produce sensations or

feelings analogous to those produced by the object meant to be suggested. Of this nature is Hadyn’s celebrated passage, “and God said, Let there be light, and there was light!” in which the instant blaze of new-born light is represented by a sudden burst of sound;—a passage which certainly has a most magnificent effect, but which, without the explanation given by the words, never would have been understood to have conveyed any representation of light. In the same manner, Hadyn’s representation of the rising of the sun is effected merely by making one or two of the instruments commence as softly as possible, and gradually increase in number and loudness till the moment of the appearance of the luminary is announced by a *fortissimo* from the whole orchestra. The composer, in these instances, endeavours to produce impressions on the hearing similar to those which the appearance of light (sudden or gradual) produces on the sight, and thus to affect the mind in a similar way; and on this principle all music of this kind is composed. Where attempts are thus made to describe the grand, or beautiful phenomena of nature, the effect will generally be good; because, even if the composer fail in being able to suggest the precise object in view, the images with which his fancy is occupied will impart a picturesque character, notwithstanding its vagueness, to the music. But it is dangerous to indulge in such imitations of ordinary objects. We cannot help thinking, that Haydn, in thus describing the leaping of the tiger, the galloping of the horse, the creeping of the worm, and the tumbling of the whale, in such a work as the Creation, gives a grotesque air to his music, which is inconsistent with the dignity of the subject. In the Seasons of the same great author, the imitative or descriptive passages which occur have a much better effect, as they are more in accordance with the nature of the subject. The celebrated *Sinfonia Pastorale* of Beethoven is an exquisite specimen of descriptive music. It requires a key to understand all the intentions of the author, though some of them cannot be mistaken; but, when the whole design of the piece is understood, how delightfully it fills the mind with rural images. *Blackwood’s Magazine.*

THE noble address of La Roche Jacquelin to his soldiers, is one of the finest specimens of the laconic:—“If I advance, follow me; if I fall, avenge me; if I flinch, kill me!” C. J. T.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

A LAMENT FOR LONDON.

"Fuit Ilium et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum." *Virgil.*

How are the mighty fallen! raise the song
O'er humbled London, once of high renown,
Which, "in its pride of place," abided long,
But now is gone for ever—out of town.

Earth's vales are strew'd with mountain degra-
dations
Its plains disgorge the mighty Mammoth's
bones,

History's an *hortus siccus* of dead nations,
And heaven itself for many a lost star moans.

Thebes, with his hundred gates, is gone to pot;
Troy but in Homer lives, and doctors' shops;
An earthquake levell'd Lisbon like a shot,
And piecemeal Venice in the water drops.

All things submit to change as Time's long
flight

The most substantial of man's dreams de-
ranges;
No wonder, then, that London's in this plight,
With all its (royal, corn, and Stock Ex-
changes.

Where'er one goes, through all its thousand
streets,

Some remnant of its fallen state is there,
Some by-gone note of greatness still one meets,
In every alley, court, and place, and square.

Thames's soft wave no longer bathes the Strand,
And muscels are the Mews at Charing Cross;
In Fleet Street feels no longer seek the land,
And Cheapside's grown too dear, to all our loss.

'Tis long since Hatton Garden own'd a flower,
Long since Duke's Place has lodged a real
duke;

The Barbican no more can sport its tower,
Nor has Pye Corner left one savoury nook.

Mary la Bonne (I grieve to tell her shame,;
Hus many naughty Marys in her bounds;
Bird Court's no longer noted for its game,
And Houndsditch gives no drink to thirsty
hounds.

The ducks have from the Poultry flown away,
(Though some may yet be found in Capel
Court.)

May Fair has ceased to hold its fair in May,
And silent in Pall Mall's the racket's sport.

Poor Swallow Street! itself is swallow'd quick;
And Lad Lane—fain'd for *mail*—is grown,
alas!

Aged and dark, as aught of lime and brick,
And Field Lane's guiltless of one blade of
grass.

Bold Bucklersbury naught could shield from
fate,
(Bucks, bucklers, buckles, all must buckle
to.)

The New Road now is somewhat out of date,
While Old-street Row, Macadamized, is new.

Moor Fields—ah! well a day! are fields no more,
Lud. ancient monarch, too, his gate has lost;
Mount Pleasant all the cockneys vote a bore,
And dingy Snow Hill shows no hue of frost.

Her royal merchants, once great London's
vaunt,

Have emigrated far, to—Russel Square;
And, having bought or sold their omium, jaunt,
In omnibuses, to politer air.

Her bridge of ancient days has had its day,
(Its waterfall the barge no longer jars,)
And all her shops have pass'd and gone away,
Changed to emporiums, maris, bureaux,
bazaars.

Old Thames itself of half its course is dock'd;
Its dolphins poison'd, too, were lately found:
And, undermined and bored, Brunel it shock'd,
By taking sudden shelter under ground.

Farewell to London! in a future age,
Some venturesome travellers may explore its
site,

When English voyaging may be the rage,
As we in Africa and Greece delight.

Of all its inns they'll hardly find a sign,
While horses feed where now recline Lord
Mayors—

Its *port* destroy'd, they'll haply miss their wine,
And hungering, *grab* o'er Hungerford's lost
stairs.

Where whilom, Southwark woo'd the summer's
gale,

Foxes may *burrow*, under many a ruin—
And on that spot where Calvert brews his ale,
These travellers may find another *bruin!*

New Monthly Magazine.

THE CORSICAN BANDIT.

CECCA was the daughter of a rich far-
mer, who lived in one of the most ele-
vated of the little villages forming the
canton of Bastilica. The tough old
forester, who was an equal adept in the
chase of the chamois and of the maraud-
ing poacher, felt his bosom swell with
conscious importance as he boasted that
his household could furnish, at a pinch,
at least twelve good men at arms. His
daughter was the prettiest maiden in all
the canton; and as she attended her de-
votions each Sunday, adorned with her
coral necklace, and the kerchief which
vied in whiteness with the bosom whose
charms it concealed, the old man's heart
warmed with a father's fondness, and a
tear of pride glistened in his eye as he
glance of many a village youth told how
he envied him his darling treasure.
Cecca was his only child: her winning
graces, her playful caresses, enlivened
his drooping age, and softened his re-
gret that he had been denied a son, to
whom he might one day bequeath his
antique chestnut-trees, his hereditary
animosities, and his double-barrelled
gun.

The flower of the village lads,
the comeliest and the bravest in the
canton aspired to Cecca's hand, not-
withstanding some five or six enve-
nomed feuds which were to be
espoused with the bride, and which
formed part of her marriage portion.
But, spite of their courage and their
address at the carbine, Cecca had neither
eyes nor ears for any of them. Her
heart had long been devoted to Pietro,
a rich proprietor, who lived in the village
just below her own, but between whose
family and hers a mortal hatred had for
some time existed—the father of Pietro
having been killed by Cecca's. In de-

spite of the vengeful recollections which, in Corsica, are cherished with religious animosity;—in despite of the blood-stained shirt suspended over Pietro's bed, as a memento of the still more bloody deed;—in despite even of the ball which had killed his father, and which the son had vowed to wear as an amulet upon his heart till vengeance should be satisfied;—in despite of all, Pietro had been ensnared in the silken bondage of love. Perhaps a refinement of Italian vengeance, still more than Cecca's dark Italian eye, had inspired him with the idea of entangling the affections of the child of his bitterest foe. Perhaps, too, the very contrast between his hatred for the father, and his impetuous passion for the daughter, added fuel to the flame. Be it as it may, he loved and was beloved. For many years, the two families, actuated by a spirit of mutual hostility that defied all hope of reconciliation, had closed against each other the entrance of their respective villages; and more than one brace of whizzing bullets had been exchanged between the videttes of the contending parties. But Cecca was a woman, and fertile in expedients: she was acquainted with the shortest by-roads to the place of rendezvous, and Pietro could have found his way thither blind-fold. Each night the lover glided unperceived along the narrow pathway of the village to visit his beloved, and the tell-tale guitar paid the homage of many an amorous lay to the shrine of his divinity. Love is a feeble reasoner: the path that Cecca trod was strewn with roses—so soft, so sweet, she scarce could feel the thorns. To love was an easy task:—to obtain her father's consent, more difficult than to level the mountain with the valley. Even had he consented, Pietro had sworn that steel should never cross his beard till life had been paid for life;—and Pietro was of a race that, from sire to son, had never violated an oath of blood. More than once poor Cecca had shuddered at the violence of his imprecations against her father. More than once, her gentle caresses had interposed "between the lion and his wrath:"—but Pietro might grapple with his enemy in the forest—and Cecca might not be there to soothe him with her caresses!

Cecca's apprehensions were but too well founded. Her father, informed by some jealous rival of the lovers' nightly meetings, watched Pietro in his path, insulted him with bitter taunts, and swore that, should he again be found within the precincts of the village, a

bullet should effectually relieve him from his love-sick pains. Pietro's blood boiled with indignation. He forgot Cecca; he thought of his father's sad fate.—"Poor lad!" observed my guide, "his hand was unlucky—but he had his blow." Swift as the thought of vengeance that inflamed his soul, he discharged his carbine at the father of his mistress: filial affection turned aside the well-intended aim, and the old man, though within a few paces of his assailant, escaped with a slight wound. Pietro made for the forest, and from that moment commenced the wandering existence of a Corsican bandit—that miserable career generally terminated by the *gen-d' arme's* fusil, and, during its brief span, affording so many displays of energy and heroism worthy of a nobler cause.

Then commenced for Cecca a new existence. Confined to the narrow limits of the village by the suspicions of her father and the threats of her relations, she felt that her heart was steeled by persecution; and the very sufferings she endured for Pietro rendered him still dearer to her affections. Closely watched during the day, each night she quit- ted her sleepless couch to bear some message of peace and love to one that for her had sacrificed all. With feverish anxiety her eye watched the moment of his coming, and, if he came not, her scalding tears moistened the pittance of food which the fond girl had hoarded for the outlaw's subsistence. Cecca alone was acquainted with the impenetrable asylum where her lover had found a refuge. The thunder might roll over her head; the rain might drench her with its rushing torrents; the loftiest pines rent by the storm might impede her passage;—still would she climb the rugged path that led to Pietro's retreat among the mountains. She scarcely knew if the night was bitter—if the blast was loud. Poor Cecca!

The lovers' mystery was soon discovered. Reproaches were spared, they would have served but to awaken their precautions; and, like the tame animal employed by the hunter to ensnare his fellow, Cecca was destined to discover Pietro's retreat. The following night she was allowed to escape as usual, and closely followed. The full moon illuminated the valley and the entrance of the cavern, the interior of which was wrapped in profound obscurity.

It was one of those lovely summer nights whose refreshing breeze purifies the air so sweetly after the heaviness of a sultry day. No sound was heard save

the distant murmur of the torrent, and the rustling of the wind amongst the foliage of the pines. Cecca, exhausted with fatigue, slept with her head reclined on the shoulder of Pietro, who, fearful of disturbing the slumbers of his beloved, scarcely allowed himself to breathe. Presently a slight noise was heard, which an inhabitant of the valley might have mistaken for that occasioned by the flight of some night-bird, or by the rapid pace of the chamois : but the bandit's practised ear was not to be deceived. In an instant Pietro was on his feet, and the suddenness of the movement awakened Cecca. "Hark!" said he. The noise had ceased. Pietro seized his carbine, and advanced towards the entrance of the cavern, the path leading to which was solitary as before : all was calm. The pale countenance of Cecca reposed on the shoulder of her lover ;—"I can see nothing," said she.—"There they are!" repeated he. "By Saint Antonio, 'tis something more substantial than the breeze that agitates the foliage yonder!" At the same instant, a flash lighted up the spot to which he pointed, and Pietro fell to the ground. Quickly recovering himself, but too feeble to stand upright, he raised himself on his knees.

Concealed by a projecting fragment of rock, he gave his well-furnished pouch to Cecca, who, placing herself behind him, by turns loaded each of his two fusils, which she immediately afterwards presented to him. Heedless of danger, the generous girl thought but of her lover, whom she beheld pale and bleeding, leaning against the rock, and at every instant becoming more faint. The unequal struggle rapidly drew near its close. A ball grazed the cheek of Cecca, and fractured Pietro's right arm. His eye inflamed with the expression of hatred and desperate courage, he extended to Cecca his fusil, charged with his last remaining cartridge. "Fire!" said he, pointing with his finger to an advancing enemy—"fire, like a true Corsican's wife; but first take good aim." The aim was but too well levelled ;—the enemy of Cecca's lover fell weltering in his blood. Making a last effort—"I am revenged!" cried Pietro with a savage yell ;—"Cecca, 'tis your father!" The wretched Cecca heard no more. Heaven, in pity to her sufferings, deprived her of the gift of reason. Since that fatal moment the maniac wandered through the forest, half-naked, and impatient of the slightest constraint. Forced occasionally, by the cravings of hunger, to make her appearance in the

village, she begs a morsel of bread, which is never refused; and afterwards, guided by a sort of vague instinct, returns to her miserable cavern, where she passes her nights. A faint hope of finding her Pietro urges her sometimes to wander on the high roads; but, 'tis more a habit than an idea.

Poor houseless maniac! thou hast indeed drunk of affliction's cup. Thy fair promise has been blighted. Thy morn of life has vanished. Thy home, thy friends, thy lover, all are lost. Thou hast passed the gradations of worldly benevolence; but thou couldst not taste their bitterness: Providence in its mercy has deadened thy heart to the stings of close-handed charity, cold neglect, or the still more galling pity that, looking down from its proud and prosperous elevation, insults the misery for which it feigns to feel.—*Monthly Magazine.*

Select Biography.

DEFOE.

DANIEL DEFOE, or Foe, as the name was sometimes spelt, was born in London in the year 1661, in the parish of St. Giles's, Cripplegate. His father, James Foe, was a butcher; and his grandfather, Daniel, the first person among his ancestors of whom any thing is positively known, was a substantial yeoman, who farmed his own estate at Elton, in Northamptonshire. The old gentleman kept a pack of hounds, which indicated both his wealth and his principles as a royalist; for the Puritans did not allow of the sports of the field, though his grandson (*contra bonos mores*) sometimes indulged in them. In alluding to this circumstance, Defoe says, "I remember my grandfather had a huntsman, who used the same familiarity (that of giving party names to animals) with his dogs; and he had his Roundhead and his Cavalier, his Goring and his Waller; and all the generals in both armies were hounds in his pack, till, the times turning, the old gentleman was fain to scatter his pack, and make them up of more dog-like surnames." It was probably from this relative that Defoe inherited a freehold estate, of which he was not a little vain; and which seems to have influenced his opinions in his theory of the right of popular election, and of the British constitution. His father was a person of a different cast—a rigid Dissenter; and from him his son appears to have imbibed the grounds of his opinions and practice. He was living at an advanced

age in 1705. The following curious memorandum, signed by him at this period, throws some light on his character, as well as on that of the times:—"Sarah Pierce lived with us, about fifteen or sixteen years since, about two years, and behaved herself so well, that we recommended her to Mr. Cave, that godly minister, which we should not have done, had not her conversation been according to the gospel. From my lodgings, at the Bell in Broad Street, having lately left my house in Throgmorton Street, October 10, 1705. Witness my hand, JAMES FOX."

Young Defoe was brought up for the ministry, and educated with this view at the Dissenting Academy of Mr. Charles Morton, at Newington Green, where Mr. Samuel Wesley, the father of the celebrated John Wesley, and who afterwards wrote against the Dissenters, was brought up with him. Whether from an unsettled inclination, or his father's inability to supply the necessary expenses, he never finished his education here. He not long after joined in Monmouth's rebellion in 1685, and narrowly escaped being taken prisoner with the rest of the duke's followers. It is supposed he owed his safety to his being a native of London, and his person not being known in the West of England, where that movement chiefly took place. He now applied himself to business, and became a kind of hofefactor. He afterwards set up a Dutch tile-manufactory at Tilbury, in Essex, and derived great profit from it; but his being sentenced to the pillory for his *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, (one of the truest, ablest, and most seasonable pamphlets ever published), and the heavy fine and imprisonment that followed, involved him in distress and difficulty ever after. He occasionally, indeed, seemed to be emerging from obscurity, and to hold his head above water for a time, (and at one period had built himself a handsome house at Stoke Newington, which is still to be seen there), but this show of prosperity was of short continuance; all of a sudden, we find him immersed in poverty and law as deeply as ever; and it would appear that, with all his ability and industry, however he might be formed to serve his country, or delight mankind, he was not one of those who are born to make their fortunes—either from a careless, improvident disposition, that squanders away its advantages, or a sanguine and restless temper, that constantly abandons a successful pursuit for some new and gilded project. Defoe

took an active and enthusiastic part in the Revolution of 1688, and was personally known to King William, of whom he was a sort of idolater, and evinced a spirit of knight-errantry in defence of his character and memory whenever it was attacked. He was released from prison (after lying there two years) by the interference and friendship of Harley, who introduced him to Queen Anne, by whom he was employed on several confidential missions, and more particularly in effecting the Union with Scotland. His personal obligations to Harley fettered his politics during the four last years of Queen Anne, and threw a cloud over his popularity in the following reign, but fixed no stain upon his character, except in the insinuations and slanders of his enemies, whether of his own or the opposite party. It was not till after he had retired from the battle, covered with scars and bruises, but without a single trophy or reward, in acknowledgment of his indefatigable and undeniable services in defence of the cause he had all life espoused—when he was nearly sixty years of age, and struck down by a fit of apoplexy—that he thought of commencing novel writer, for his amusement and subsistence. The most popular of his novels, *Robinson Crusoe*, was published in the year 1719, and he poured others from his pen, for the remaining ten or twelve years of his life, as fast, and with as little apparent effort, as he had formerly done lampoons, reviews, and pamphlets.

To say nothing of the incessant war he waged with crying abuses, with priestcraft and tyranny, and the straight line of consistency and principle which he followed from the beginning to the end of his career—he was a powerful though unpolished satirist in verse, (as his *True-born Englishman* sufficiently proves);—was master of an admirable prose style;—in his *Review*, (a periodical paper which was published three times a-week for nine years together), led the way to that class of essay-writing, and those dramatic sketches of common life and manners, which were afterwards so happily perfected by Steele and Addison;—in his *Essays on Trade*, anticipated many of those broad and liberal principles which are regarded as modern discoveries;—in his *Moral Essays*, and some of his Novels, undoubtedly set the example of that minute description and perplexing casuistry, of which Richardson so successfully availed himself;—was among the first to advocate the intellectual equality, and the necessity of improvements in the educa-

tion of women;—suggested the project of *Saving Banks*, and an *Asylum for Idiots*;—among other notable services and claims to attention, by his thoughts on the best mode of watching and lighting the streets of the metropolis, might be considered as the author of the modern system of police; and even in party matters, and the heats and rancorous differences of jarring sects, generally seized on that point of view which displayed most moderation and good sense, and in his favourite conclusions and arguments, was half a century before his contemporaries, who, for that reason, made common cause against him.

Notwithstanding the number and success of his publications, Defoe, we lament to add, had to struggle with pecuniary difficulties, heightened by domestic afflictions. To the last, when on the brink of death, he was on the verge of a jail; and the ingratitude and ill-behaviour of his son in embezzling some property which Defoe had made over for the benefit of his sisters and mother, completed his distress. He was supported in these painful circumstances by the assistance and advice of Mr. Baker, who had married his youngest daughter, Sophia.

"From this scene of sorrow," says Mr. Wilson, "we must now hasten to an event, that dropped before it the dark curtain of time. Having received a wound that was incurable, there is too much reason to fear that the anguish arising from it sunk deep in his spirits, and hastened the crises that, in a few months, brought his troubles to a final close. The time of his death has been variously stated; but it took place upon the 24th of April, 1731, when he was about seventy years of age, having been born in the year 1661. Cibber and others state that he died at his house at Islington; but this is incorrect. The parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, in which he drew his first breath, was also destined to receive his last. This we learn from the parish register, which has been searched for the purpose; and farther informs us, that he went off in a lethargy. He was buried from thence, upon the 26th of April, in Tindall's Burying-ground, now most known by the name of Bunhill Fields. The entry in the register, written probably by some ignorant person, who made a strange blunder of his name, is as follows:—'1731. April 26. Mr. Dubow. Cripplegate.' His wife did not long survive him."—*Edinburgh Review*—article, *Wilson's Life of Defoe*.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKESPEARE.

EMULATION.

THESEUS had in such estimation the virtue of Hercules, that in the night his dreams were all of that hero's actions, and in the day a continual emulation stirred him up to perform the like; as in after ages Themistocles was, when he said that the trophies of Miltiades would not suffer him to sleep.

HANGMAN'S WAGES: THIRTEEN PENCE HALFPENNY.

"I CANNOT really say (says Butler in *Hudibras*,) whence that sum was called hangman's wages, unless in allusion to the Halifax law, or the customary law of the Forest of Hardwick, by which every felon taken within the liberty or precincts of the said forest, with goods to the value of thirteen pence halfpenny, should, after three market-days in the town of Halifax, after his apprehension and condemnation, be taken to a gibbet there, and have his head cut off from his body."

P. T. W.

LINES BY THOMAS WYNNE KING ON HIMSELF.

I AM, perhaps, as you may say,
A very curious creature;
For I am changing every day,
My name, my shape, and nature.
Tom King I am—and so am known,
But isn't it provoking?
Whenever I to jest am prone,
They tell me I am *Jo* King.
Though fat I am, as any bull,
With aptitude for sinking;
If I by chance seem rather dull,
They swear that I am *thin* King.
In figure I am short and squat,
Yet if with ladies walking,
I laugh, and chatter, and "all that,"
They vow that I am *tall* King.
At night they do admit my claim,
When Sol to rest is sinking,
They call me by my proper name,
And really find me *Wynne* King.

ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE "SPICK AND SPAN NEW."

BUTLER, in his *Hudibras*, says, "Mr. Ray, observes, that this proverbial phrase, according to Mr. Howel, comes from *Spica*, an ear of corn; but rather, says he, as I am informed from a better author, *Spike* is a sort of *Nail*, and *Spawm* the *Chip* of a boat; so that it is all one as to say, every *Chip* and *Nail* is new.

But I am humbly of opinion, that it rather comes from *Spike*, which signifies a *Nail*; and a *Nail* in measure is the sixteenth part of a yard; and *Span*, which is in measure a quarter of a yard; or nine inches; and all that is meant by it, when applied to a new suit of clothes, is, that it has been just measured from the piece by the *Nail* and *Span*."

CHARITABLE MULE.

THE celebrated Spanish lawyer, Martin Azpilcueta, was so charitable to the poor, that he seldom passed a beggar without giving him alms; and it is said, that the mule on which he usually rode, would stop of its own accord when he saw a beggar.

P. T. W.

ROYAL COCKNEY STAG HUNT.

JOHN STOW, in his *Survey of London*, 1633, says, "Friday the 24th of July, 1629, King Charles having hunted a stagge or hart, from Wansted in Essex, kild him in Nightingall Lane, in the Hamlet of Wapping, in a garden belonging to one —, who had some damage among his herbes, by reason of the multitude of people there assembled suddenly."

P. T. W.

ORIGIN OF A LARGE SARACEN'S HEAD FOR A SIGN.

JOHN SELDEN, in his *Table Talk*, says, relating to war—"Do not undervalue an enemy by whom you have been worsted. When our countrymen came home from fighting with the *Saracens*, and were beaten by them, they pictured them with huge, big, terrible faces, (as you still see the sign of the Saracen's head is) when in truth they were like other men. But this they did to save their own credit."

Ibid.

ROYAL EXAMPLE.

WHERE the royal power, saith Plato, meets with a mind addicted to philosophy or virtue, there vice is subdued and made inferior to virtue; no man is really blessed but he that is wise; and happy are his auditors who can hear and receive those words that flow from his mouth; there is no need of compulsion or menaces to subject the multitude, for that lustre of virtue which shines bright in the good example of a governor, invites and inclines them to wisdom, and insensibly leads them to an innocent and happy life; which being conducted by friendship and concord, and supported on each side with temperance and justice, is of long and lasting continuance; and worthy is that prince of all rule

and dominion who makes it his business to lead his subjects into such a state of felicity.

EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE RELATING TO DAVID BECK, AN EMINENT PORTRAIT PAINTER.

"As he travelled (says Pilkington,) through Germany, he was suddenly taken ill at an inn, where he lodged, and the illness terminated in his apparent death, so that he was laid out as a corpse. His valets, who attended, regretted the event, and as they sat by his bedside, relieved their sorrow by drinking freely. One of them, in a state of intoxication, suggested, that their master was fond of a glass while he was alive, and proposed to testify their gratitude by giving him a glass, though he were dead. Accordingly, they raised his head, and endeavoured to put some liquor into his mouth. Upon this, Beck opened his eyes, and the servant compelled him to swallow what remained in the glass. The painter revived, and, by due attention, not only escaped interment, but perfectly recovered."

P. T. W.

IDLENESS.

THE dross of timidity presumes to hope, but without ground and without consequences: the bliss with which he solaces his hours, he always expects from others, though very often he knows not from whom; he folds his arms about him, and sits in expectation of some revolution in the state that shall raise him to greatness, or some golden shower that shall load him with wealth; he dozes away the day in musing upon the morrow; and at the end of life, is roused from his dream only to discover that the time of action is past, and that he can now show his wisdom only by repentance.

JOHNSON.

RELATIONSHIP.

A LUDICROUS mistake happened some time ago at a funeral in Mary-le-bone. The clergyman had gone on with the service, until he came to that part which says, "Our deceased brother or sister," without knowing whether the deceased was male or female. He turned to one of the mourners, and asked whether it was a brother or sister. The man very innocently replied, "No relation at all, Sir, only an acquaintance."

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